Here is the boke of Mayde Emly
that had. v. husbandꝭ. & all cockold
the wolde make their berdes whe
they wold or no/and gyue them
re ⁊ praty hode full of bellyꝭ.

Thus with hyr playfere.
Maketh she mery chere.
The husbonde knoweth nothynge.
She gyueth money plente.
Bycause newe loue is deynte.
On to hyr swetynge.
And prays hym oft to come.
To playe there as shynes no sonne.
So at the next metynge.
She gyueth hyr husbonde a pryckе.
That made hym double quicke.
So gode was the gretynge.
Kocke called of the bone.
That neuer was mayster at home.
[illegible]an vnderlynge.
Hys wyfe made hym so wyse.
That he wolde turne a peny twyese.
And than he called it a farthynge.
Nothynge byleued he.
But that he dyd with his eyes se.
Full true was his meanynge.
She cherysshed hym with brede and chese.
That his lyfe he dyd lese.
Than made she mournynge.
And dranke deuoutly for hys soule.
The handbell ofte dyd she toll.
Full great sorowe makynge.
This sory wedowe.
But a whyle I trowe.
Mournynge dyd make.

Whan he was gone.
A yonge lullyon.
She dyd than take.
Longe wolde she nat tary.
Lest she dyd myscary.
But full oft spake.
To haste the weddynge.
And all for beddynge.
Some sporte to make.
Hir herte to ease.
And the flesshe to plese
Sorowes to aslake.
In it out ioyenge.
That wanton playenge.
For the olde husbondes sake.
yet by your leue.
A freer dyd she gyue.
Of hir loue a flake.
And sayde in hir owen.
At my maner season.
That he sholde bake.
There is rome ynowe.
For other and for you.
And space to set a cake.
¶ The secõde husbonde Nycol.
That poore sely soule.
Myght nat it escape.
A lyokolde to dye.
It was his destayy.
As man vnfortunate.